

Waiting on Daryl Dixon

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Summary: After being left behind to tend to Alexandria's needs Scarlett finds the days growing longer and harder without Daryl. Over two weeks pass and she finds there's not only worrying about if he'll get back safely but also how he'll react to some concerning news. But as night closes in she gets a pleasant surprise, but so does he (more than one). Daryl x OFC

Waiting on Daryl Dixon

**\*\*Hey guys, \*\***

**\*\*Here's a new one for you I hope you enjoy! Also leave comments I love hearing the feed back! Also this story is only a one shot and will not be continued. However I have some other stuff in the works, and if you've read Scrubbing down a Dixon and are a fan of it keep your eyes peeled because I have a surprise coming at you in a the next few months! Also please take note this was written before Deanna's death in the series and also the Alexandria I've written is a little more like the one from the comics. \*\***

**\*\*XOXO \*\***

**\*\*Winter\*\***

**\*\*Waiting on Daryl Dixon\*\***

Minutes turned to hours, hours faded into days and soon those days added up into weeks. Two weeks, five days and 12 hours to be exact, that's how long they had been gone. She knew runs could go on longer but she still didn't like it. Her work had become a distraction as she tried not to worry about if he would come back to her in one piece.

"Two weeks, five days and 12 hours..." She mumbled under her breath as she dumped another bucket of slop over the fence into the pig

trough.

"What are you counting down the hours until they are back?" Rick smiled leaning back against one of the posts.

"Now why would you think that?"

"Scarlett, don't think I don't see you and Daryl sneaking around together."

The blonde cocked her head at the constable, "Okay, dad, do I need your approval?" She teased.

Rick laughed at her comment, but since the farm fell she had been like a little sister to him. "How long have you two been-" He let his words trail off and used hand gestures to ask the rest of his question.

"Since the farm." she smiled. Daryl and her had managed to keep their relationship secret for over a year now. It had been difficult especially when privacy was so limited but this why no one was asking questions of prying. It was just the two of them.

How did I not notice this? Rick asked himself. "You two acted as if nothing was any different, like you guys were just friends."

"That was the trick. We didn't want to draw any attention to ourselves. We didn't want the publicity that Glenn and Maggie had. We just wanted it to be us. Plus you and Michonne are doing the exact same thing so don't be judging." Scarlett pointed a dirty finger at Rick.

"Oh, that's how you're going to be I see how it is." He laughed, "But this is Daryl. Half the women here are drooling over him."

"It's was the same at the prison. That's another reason we kept it secret, when you live in such close proximity to people you don't want other women plotting your demise so they can get your man. Especially with the dead walking around."

Rick closed his eyes, shaking his head, "Well you might want to start closing your bedroom window at night then because on my night rounds I've heard you two."

Scarlett felt a hot blush creep over her cheeks, making her already flushed face even more red.

"So when did it happen?" Rick asked; it was like he was searching for gossip.

Since he had figured it out, she knew there was no sense in denying it anymore. "The night Dale died. I went up to see how Daryl was doing and it just kinda snowballed. I thought it was going to be a onetime thing, I honestly didn't think Daryl thought of me like that but here we are now." She smiled, "And what about you and Michonne?"

"Since just after the prison fell. She caught up to me and Carl," He paused, "like you said it just kinda snowballed."

Scarlett smiled, as she untied her long blonde hair, before gathering it back up in a messy bun. "Well, it's good. You guys make a good pair."

"So, how's sleeping in the barn?" Rick asked

"It's good. I mean I've got my own kitchen, bathroom and bedroom and office; kinda my own little apartment."

"We all miss you back at the house. Now that you're here we barely ever see you." Rick explained.

"I know, and I'm sorry but with calves expected in the next few days and the milkings. There's only one of me, so it's kind of a 24 hour job. It's why I took to sleeping here. I do miss you guys though."

"Well maybe I can send Carl over in the mornings to help with some of the chores." Rick smiled, "just like back at the prison."

"I'd like that a lot." Scarlett answered, looking up at the now falling sun.

"I'm guessing when Daryl returns he'll be here with you for the night."

She smiled again raising an eyebrow at Rick, "What do you think?"

Shaking his head again he pushed himself off the fence, "I'll let you get back to your work. Look if you can get away for a few hours tonight, Carol is making casserole so come on over."

"Alright, I'll be there." She smiled wiping the sweat off her forehead only to smear herself with more mud. Walking back to the barn all she could think about was Daryl, but while she thought about him, miles and miles away astride his motorcycle he was trying to get back to her.

The wind whipped at his face as he sped towards home, he wanted to get back to her, and he needed to get back to her. The time away from her was unbearable. In his head, he was picturing all the things he was going to do to her when he got back; he was practically chopping at the bit. They hadn't been apart for more than a few days before this. He was dirty, sweaty, and horny, he needed her more than she could ever know. Inside somewhere he knew she deserved better than him, but right now he didn't care he was the one who had her. \_She's mine...\_ His subconscious growled at him, only fueling the roaring fire inside his heart and in his lower belly. If they kept up at the pace; pushing on they would be back inside the gates by dusk. Daryl could only hope she hadn't showered yet so they could shower together. However all his thoughts were interrupted by Aaron honking the horn signalling for him to pull over.

Slowing down, he guided the bike to the side of the road and cut the engine, behind him Aaron did much the same with the car. Dismounting Daryl waited for Aaron to get out of the car.

"Why'd we stop?" Daryl asked gruffly.

"Why are you going so fast?" Aaron countered.

"I just wanna get back is all." Daryl shrugged he wasn't ready to allude to the fact that he wanted to get back to Alexandria, sneak over to the barn and pound his girl into her mattress. Shaking his head Daryl tried to stay focused.

"You have someone waiting for you?"

"Don't you wanna get back to Eric?" Daryl answered the question with a question.

Aaron nodded, "I do yes, but that doesn't explain why you are." Aaron handed Daryl a piece of beef jerky.

"I miss lil' ass kicker," Daryl answered trying not to seem to fake.

"Yeah sure you know you don't bull shit well Daryl. There's a girl isn't there."

He knew Aaron wasn't going to let up until he gave in and told him. "Yeah... Scarlett. We've been..." Daryl paused making an awkward hand gesture before continuing, "We've been together since before the prison. Now can we haul ass so I can be with her."

"Wow, okay there. Someone gets pissy when they haven't been laid in a while." Aaron put his hands up defensively.

Daryl was giving Aaron a death glare, warning him to stop right where he was with the smart remarks.

Aaron knew when Daryl hadn't slept well or something wasn't going his way he tended to be on the bit more unreasonable side; but then again this whole run hadn't gone well since the first day out. But he too wanted to get back to his own lover, so he could relate all too well to what Daryl wanted. "Alright let's go. We wouldn't stop unless it's life or death." Aaron smiled as he headed back to the car.

"Good." Daryl couldn't stop the smile from spreading across his face as he started his bike back up. \_Here, I come babe. \_He thought as they took off towards home once more, the dry leaves kicked up behind me as they sped on.

\* \* \*

><p>As the sun had disappeared behind the fence line hours ago. It wasn't pitch black yet but a light was needed to see properly. "Two weeks, five days and 19 hours..." She mumbled under her breath as she closed the sliding doors to the barn and latched them. Opening the small door she stepped out into the brisk air. Pouring a little extra water on to the flower pot besides the door she heard the sound to the front gate opening. "Don't get excited, it's probably not him."<p>

But Scarlett couldn't have been more wrong. Daryl pulled into the community to be greeted by Deanna and Eric.

"Daryl come have a cup of coffee and get warmed up." Deanna extended the invitation as they stopped in front of her house so Aaron could

report on their excursions.

"No thanks, I just wanna be with my girl." Daryl answered over the rumble of his bike. As much as he enjoyed his privacy he was to wound up to care anymore about keeping his and Scarlett's relationship secret he had one thing on his mind and that was her.

Deanna had a rather puzzled look on her face as he pulled away but he knew Aaron would explain. Shifting gears he guided his bike to the barn. His headlight illuminated her reaching up to water a hanging basket above the office window. Her blonde curls turned to gold, and her skin alabaster, but only adding to her beauty was the fact that she was barefoot, dressed in short denim shorts and one of the only shirts he owned that still had sleeves on it. His testosterone surged again, and he let out a deep primal growl.

Scarlett was so absorbed in what she was doing that she hadn't noticed him pull up until the headlight was on her. Shielding her eyes she looked up to see him dismounting and turning off the bike. The watering can dropped from her hands as he approached her. She felt frozen by his gaze. His dirty locks hung in his face almost completely hiding him from her view. A bit of light coming from the window lit up the azure colour of his eyes as the wind ruffled his hair away from his face. The shadows carved out the hollows of his cheeks, defining his already rugged features. In the ever deepening darkness around them, he was emanating a large black wolf moving in on its prey. She heard his growl and heat flooded her body. Scarlett knew what was to come, this wasn't going to be sweet, or gentle. Daryl was raw, wild and wound about a week too tight; all she could do was stare back at him doe eyes.

He couldn't keep his breathing steady as he closed the space between them, she stood there looking so innocent, as if she didn't know what was coming. Seeing her in his shirt, was his mark on her, it meant his scent was on her, it meant she had missed him just as much; but overall it meant she was his girl and no one else's. Time seemed to pass slowly, as if she was miles from him, each foot step was agonizing and breathe the past his parted chapped lips felt as if it was his last. It was like he was watching it from someone else's eyes, but it all fell away once she was under his hands.

Scarlett gasped, as he stepped up on to the small step in front of her, his name whooshing past her lips with her breath as his gloved hands cupped her cheeks roughly, his mouth claiming hers. The heat of his body, wrapped around her making the night seem all the more cold, her legs trembling as goosebumps rose on every inch of her skin. The leather was warm but his exposed fingertips felt as if they were searing her skin, as they kissed. Daryl pushed against her mouth hungrily. There was nothing was soft about it; it was all lips, teeth and tongue. Scarlett let him have the dominance, she always would. Clutching the back of his well worn vest she pulled herself closer to him, holding on to him. \_Thank god, you're home. \_That was the last thought she had as she gave into the intoxication of him. He tasted of coffee and smoke, his lips were worst for ware; chapped not only from his bad habit of chewing on them but also from the cool weather that had set in while he was away. The neatly trimmed goatee he had left with was longer and softer. He was far, far more scruffier than she had seen him in a while but it wasn't something she minded, she had fallen for a scruffy redneck in plaid and that wasn't about the change any time soon. Daryl's hands left her face finding their way

to her hips as he took a step into her, guiding her back slightly. She struggled to breath, gasping against him. Scarlett could feel herself getting light headed, but she knew all too well Daryl wouldn't let her fall.

He was running on exhaustion, testosterone, and her. She smiled like peaches, pine trees and a sweet musk. Her lips were so smooth under his, she was delicate under his hands it was something he loved about her. He need more; every inch of her. Before her, it had been years but after they had started it was only weeks or so, but since they arrived this had been the longest they had been separated. He hated being away from her. Daryl let his fingers dig into her smooth hips before he worked them back over her ass. Down over soft flannel, then back up over skin, he pushed up the fabric exposing the denim that seemed to be glued to her legs. He let his fingers curl under the worn edges pulling the denim, exposing the curve of her ass, his fingers biting into her flesh leaving small bruises in their wake. She gasped into his lips, but Daryl didn't stop, his hands went back down palming over her plump ass. Another deep growl reverberated from his chest as he pulled back, nuzzling his nose along her jaw, his lips brushing over her neck. \_Fuck I'm missed you.\_

Scarlett released her grip on his vest, bring her hands up into his hair, running her hands over his matted locks. The fact he hadn't had a proper bath in a few days didn't bother her in the least, considering bathing in streams and rivers wasn't always plausible. There were no words between them, only hot passion. Closing her eyes she just let herself be immersed in the feeling to his hands and lips on her. She didn't care half the community could see what they were doing, but Daryl was about to make it obvious he did.

Raising his head from her shoulder his hair wild half covering his face again, he spoke, "I think we should move this inside." His voice was gravelly, and thick with his accent.

The sound made her quiver, but she should have known better than to simply lead him to their shared bed; Daryl was the one in charge after all. His lips found hers again, his hands slide down tightening around her upper thighs.

"Daryl, what are you..." She mumbled into their kiss but seconds later he hoisted her up into his arms, forcing her to wrap her legs around his waist. Her ankles hitting the stock of his crossbow; a little yelp of pain passing her lips. She knew all too well that in the morning she would have bruise there.

In the darkness and passion he fumbled with the door handle, struggling to open it. In the rush to get her into bed, there was no gentleness. He kicked the outside door shut behind him, as well as the bedroom door. The room was warm compared to outside and she felt his skin shutter at the temperature change. As he walked with her across the threshold she could feel him pressing hard into her. "Daryl..." She gasped as she felt one hand leave her.

"I've gotta ya." He reassured her as he pulled back, only to remove his weapon from his back, resting it against the end of the bed.

In the dim light she could see just how dirty he really was. He had mud across the bridge of his nose and his left cheek, blood smattered across his neck; and his clothing had seen much better days. Seeing

him like this only made her heat drip for him, and her skin flush pink. Feeling safe enough in his strong arms allowed her to let of his shoulders reaching for the hem of his shirt she wore. Not caring it was a button up she pulled it up over her head; exposing no bra, but only bare skin pressing to the warm worn leather of his vest.

Daryl's eyes darted down, as his breath came out in short huffs as their lips came together again. With one last kiss and one more step back Daryl dumped her out onto the bed. She sprawled out, legs spread open from him.

"Fuck that's a sight." He licked his lips as he looked at her naked from the waist up, her lips red and swollen from his attacks. She was spread out for him, waiting, practically begging.

His words of affirmation pulled a moan from her as she laid there, watching as he stripped out of his shirt, jacket and vest. Leaving her to marvel at his chiseled torso and stomach. His tan skin catching the light making him look even more like a Greek god; even if he was covered in mud and scars. She couldn't keep her hands off her own body as he went to work on his belt. Sucking on her index finger briefly she held his eyes. His pupils were blown out with lust, as he watched her slide her hands down over her breast, cupping them bringing them together and letting them down again. "Daryl..." She breathed his name knowing it would only rile him up more.

"Fuck..." He moaned, as he pulled open his belt and dragged his zipper to the end of its track. He left his pants hanging open showing of the bulge that was outlined in his grey boxer briefs as he reached for her. In one swift motion he had unbuttoned her shorts and removed them and her panties from her body. He wanted to worship her body, every curve, every freckle, and stretch mark but right now wasn't the time. He needed it fast, rough and hard.

Scarlett laid there taking him all in, her eyes however kept wandering down to her favourite appendage. Biting her lower lip she could barely wait until he was sheathed deep inside her. Daryl had taken her to new heights. He could reach spots inside her she never felt a man hit before; he filled her up, stretched her open to the point she wondered if there was any room at all left.

Daryl didn't bother with his boots or stripping down all the way; pushing his boxers and pants down just far enough he climbed up on the bed. Her legs almost immediately locked around his back as he forced himself into her damp heat. Despite the lack of foreplay she was ready and willing for him. A low guttural moan rushed past his lips as she enveloped him. She was warm wet and seemingly tighter then he remembered; he knew it had been two weeks but he hadn't realized he had forgotten what it was like with her. Their lips crashed together, as her pristine skin became marred with the old sweat, dirt and musk from his body.

As he pushed all the way in sheathing himself to the hilt she couldn't help but feel like she was being taken to cloud nine. Scarlett hadn't forgotten what it was like to be with him but it had been too long. She could feel him opening up, stretching her, filling her in a way she had missed. "Daryl..." She breathed as he started to pull back, their lips parting as they stared at each other.

He pulled out to where only the tip was left in, hesitating for a minute, teasing. Looking down between them in the dim light he could see how slick he was with her juices. "Fuck yer so wet for me." He growled; looking back up at her face he plunged back in, starting his rhythm that he knew would make her eyes flutter closed.

Her hands crawled at his biceps as the bed rocked with their movement. The sound of his long forgotten crossbow clattering to the ground was ignored. Daryl watched from his position above her as she quivered and thrust back against him. Her legs falling from his waist, feet flattening on the bed to give herself more leverage. "That's it babe." He gasped as he leaned back one hand wrapping tightly around her hip while the other went to her breasts. His belt clinked as he picked up his pace, every thrust deeper, harder, faster than the last. The air was thick with the scent of sex. Their laboured breathing, his rough grunts mixed with her whimpering moans were the only sounds that could be heard. Scarlett gripped one hand tight over his at her hip and the other on the bed spread. Daryl let her pert nipple slipped between his fingers as he worked her breast, pinching it with every squeeze. Every time a delectable squeal of pleasure leaving her. It was almost too much to handle, he could feel his balls already pulling up, tightening; but he wanted it to last a little longer. Leaning down he wrapped his arms her, holding her close he rolled them so she had complete control.

"Com'on babe." He breathed as she sat up getting her balance above him.

"God Daryl." She moaned as she rose and fell, feeling him slip in and out at the new angle. His hands fixed themselves tightly to her hips, fingers digging in, bruises in the morning would be a reminder. She watched from above as he came closer to coming undone with each second. She watched every muscle under his tanned skin tighten, his head fall back as he moaned her name. Scarlett pressed her hands to his chest anchoring herself to him, as she felt her own body starting to give in to the pleasure. She didn't want it to happen like this she wanted him on top when they came, she wanted to keep him inside her for every second of it, feel every drop inside. "Daryl," she laid down wrapping her arms around his neck, her hand burying in his hair. "Please I want you..." She showered kisses over his neck, her lips finding where the x marked the spot on his collar bone

He knew what she wanted before she finished and rolled them again. She wanted him to top her. In a swift movement he was back over top of her once more, he had his forearms pressed to the bed on either sides of her head, his matted black hair falling in a curtain around them as they kissed. Pulling back, straightening up Daryl didn't alter his rhythm, pounding into her he felt her come undone completely. Her azure eyes snapped shut her, mouth felt open, her body ached, thrusting against him as he watched from above. His hands sliding over her sweat damp skin to her hips.

Scarlett felt the fire rip through her as he hit the deepest spot in her over and over again. He made her see stars. His name ripped from her chest as she cried out for him. Her toes curling, body arching up shaking, her nails biting into his skin as she climaxed. Her juices flooding over him as he continued to fuck her right through her orgasm prolonging it.



Her velvety walls clenched and spasmed around him where their bodies met. The bed under them damp with her juices and she wasn't finished. Tightening his eyes closed, he clenched his jaw as the feeling curled at the base of his spine and in his belly.

She could feel him swell inside her as she thrust back onto him, her body still trembling in the aftermath.

Daryl felt every muscle tense every joint lock as he slouched forward over her. A howl tearing from him as he emptied into her. Her body moving against him, her walls still twitching milking him for every drop.

Scarlett felt it, hot sticky, Daryl filled her up. Not a drop wasted as he practically collapsed on top of her, their bodies still intertwined. The only thing that could be heard was their harsh breathing as they laid there. Not words were needed as Daryl laced his fingers together with hers. She pressed kisses to his shoulder as they relaxed, coming down off their sex high.

It wasn't long until she could feel him starting to go limp inside of her. Daryl forced himself up and fully withdrew from her letting his spunk drip out of her. He couldn't help but watch it was a beautiful mess they had made. He didn't know what compelled him to do it but he leaned down licking her from her beautiful opening to her clit tasting the mixture of them before pressing his lips back hers in a bruising kiss. He didn't mind the taste and neither did she considering both actions had earned him moans. Laying down next to her they rested a little longer.

"Daryl," she mumbled nuzzling her nose against his cheek.

"Hmmm." He grunted his reply. He was minutes from sleep and Scarlett knew that if she didn't move for a shower now he would remain there naked and dirty.

"I think we both need a shower." She breathed kissing him.

Slowly he opened his once again baby blues and looked at her, "fine." He was reluctant to get up but then so was she. They both felt like jelly as they pushed themselves off the bed. Daryl's arms immediately going around her waist as his pants and boxers pooled around his ankles. "Yer gonna join me?" He questioned.

"With what we just did and how dirty you are I don't think you gotta ask?" she answered.

"Good," he murmured as he kissed her forehead, letting himself bask in the sound of her soft drawl. Even though they were from the same state, their accents were so different. His deep, rough from years of moonshine and cigarettes; but hers was sweet and smooth like honey. The truth be told it only added to the sweet innocent southern bell persona she still held, and all that made his backwoods blood run hot.

"Come on, Mr. Dixon." Scarlett pulled out of his hold only to lead him to the bathroom as he kicked off the rest of his clothing.

Turning on the hot water they slipped into the shower. Once they were

both inside there wasn't much room left. Daryl's broad body shielded much of the water, but Scarlett didn't mind all the much considering he was much more filthy than she was. She watched as Daryl leaned his head back letting his hair get soaked down. His hand coming up to push all his hair back out of his face, his magnificent biceps, and chest flexing with each movement.

"Are you relaxed?" She asked rubbing her washcloth over her own skin, getting the dirt he had gotten on her off.

Daryl didn't respond with words but instead a deep sigh as muddy water cascaded over him.

Steam covered the glass of the shower as she reached for the shampoo bottle.

"Hey..." Daryl's voice was soft, gentle. The roughness that had been there previously washed away with the mud. "Not yet, come here." He took the bottle from her hands before bringing her against him and under the water.

Scarlett curled into him, the warmth from him and from the water was wonderful. Pressing her ear to his chest she listened to his heartbeat; steady unchanging just like he was. "You have no clue how worried I was about you." She murmured.

"Do you think I was any less worried about you?" He questioned.

Scarlett felt his calloused hand under her chin and he tipped her head up for a kiss. This one sweet, gentle, a reminder of what burned between them.

He was slow to pull back, "Come on let's get washed up."

She nodded in agreement as she reached for the shampoo, for as dirty as he was she was a little surprised she wasn't more dirt covered. Pouring a little shampoo into her hands, she reached up; her soapy hands finding their way to his matted locks.

"You know I can wash myself." He smirked down at her.

"I know you can but I want too. I haven't had a chance to do this since the prison."

Daryl just sighed there was no arguing with her when it came to things like this. Turning her back he let her wash him. The water swirling brown and red around his head, every so often a twig or a leaf would stick to the shower floor.

As Scarlett bathed him, she knew there was no hiding it anymore; it was becoming too noticeable. She didn't know how to tell him; she was unsure how he was going to handle it. Stepping out from under the water she let him rinse off, "I'm going to go clean up the mess we made." She smiled at him, taking a moment to take in the sight of him with soap running down his clean body. A clean Dixon was a rare sight even when there was running water.

He just nodded in reply as she stepped out of the shower leaving him to finish up. Drying herself off she slipped back into the shirt she

had been in before Daryl's arrival home. The room looked so different in the aftermath of their passion; the quilt imprinted with a dirt mark of his body, and hands, the sheets crumpled. Sighing to herself she pulled the dirty bedding off dumping it into the laundry basket with the rest of his discarded clothing. In the background the running water stopped. Laying a fresh quilt over the bed she turned it down and climbed in. Curling up on her side she listened to the sounds of him in the bathroom; knowing he would wait until morning to shave. Closing her eyes she waited and soon enough she felt the bed besides her sink.

"You aren't asleep yet are you?" He murmured curling his body around hers.

"No, I was waiting for you." She answered, as his hands drifted over her bare legs, and under the shirt she wore.

His fingers started to drift over her stomach, before it flattened over skin. Scarlett tensed slight under his hand before he felt her hand over his. "It's good to be back here." He murmured kissing her damp neck.

"I don't like when you're gone for so long. I almost forget how much warmer our bed is with you here." She answered cuddling closer to him hoping he wouldn't notice her belly just yet.

Daryl let his fingers start drifting over her stomach again, mapping out the hard curves he had never known to be there before. In the darkness he furrowed his brow; he had noticed it earlier in the shower but he had just thought it was from finally having a regular supply of food again, but if it was from food it her stomach would be soft.

Scarlett felt him tense up, before he rolled on to his back. "Daryl..." She whispered his name as she turned over to face him. Even in the darkness she could see him worrying his thumb. She knew all too well what was going through his head, the emotions in his eyes were betraying him. He was thinking about what his dad had done to him, worrying that he was going to turn out the same. There was no sense in hiding it now.

"How long have you known?" he finally broke the silence.

"Since Atlanta... just after Beth." She answered.

"When did..."

"Rosita thinks I'm about 7 weeks, so it would have happened just before the prison fell." She answered, "I didn't tell you sooner because after what happened to Lori."

"You ain't Lori." He snapped.

"Daryl, I didn't think it would have survived this long with everything my body has been through, there's still a chance that..." She didn't finish.

Daryl sat up in bed; he was upset, not with her but with himself. He was there; he had seen what Judith had done to Lori, how dangerous it was to have a baby if they ended up on the run again. "Fucking

idiot..." He growled at himself.

"It's not your fault, I was there too." She whispered.

He tightened his hands into fists, "So it is mine."

"Daryl, who else's would it be?" She whispered, reaching out to him. She ran her hand over his back, letting her fingertips over his old abuses, and fading demons. It was something she had done since their very first time to show him she loved him scars and all; that he didn't frighten her.

"You deserve better than this, better than me. What if I end up like my old man?"

"What wouldn't happen, I've seen you with Judith." She tried to calm him.

"And what happens if we end up on the run again? We can't have a baby crying for walkers every two hours."

She bowed her head pressing her lips to his shoulder. She knew he was right, she didn't have the answers, she didn't know how they were going to manage, or if she would even survive the birth.

Daryl looked over his shoulder at her; she looked just as scared as he felt; he wasn't ready to be a father. He didn't know the first thing about being a father. As much as he wanted to think he would be good at being a father, he just couldn't and he didn't want to think about all the what if's. Letting out a deep sigh he wrapped his arms around Scarlett nuzzling his face against her unruly blonde curls breathing her soft scent in trying to calm himself down.

"I ain't never been scared of nothing before you and now I got two of you to worry about. The truth is this is the most scared I've ever been."

"I'm scared too, Daryl, I'm scared too." She whispered into his neck

He held her as the news sunk in; his frustration and fear starting to subside.

"Daryl..."

"I'm right here." He murmured.

"Are you going to be okay?"

"I just can't believe this is happening, that I'm going to be a dad." He answered pulling back letting her lay back down.

"Believe me I'm the one who is pregnant and I still can't believe it." She smiled lightly, as he curled around her again. "But we have our family nearby." She felt Daryl nod against the top of her head as his hand slipped down over her stomach again. "We'll just have to figure it out as we go." She whispered closing her eyes.

Daryl held her a little tighter as he closed his eyes. Despite the fear of losing her and of being a father he couldn't stop the smile

from crossing his face as they drifted off asleep together.

End  
file.